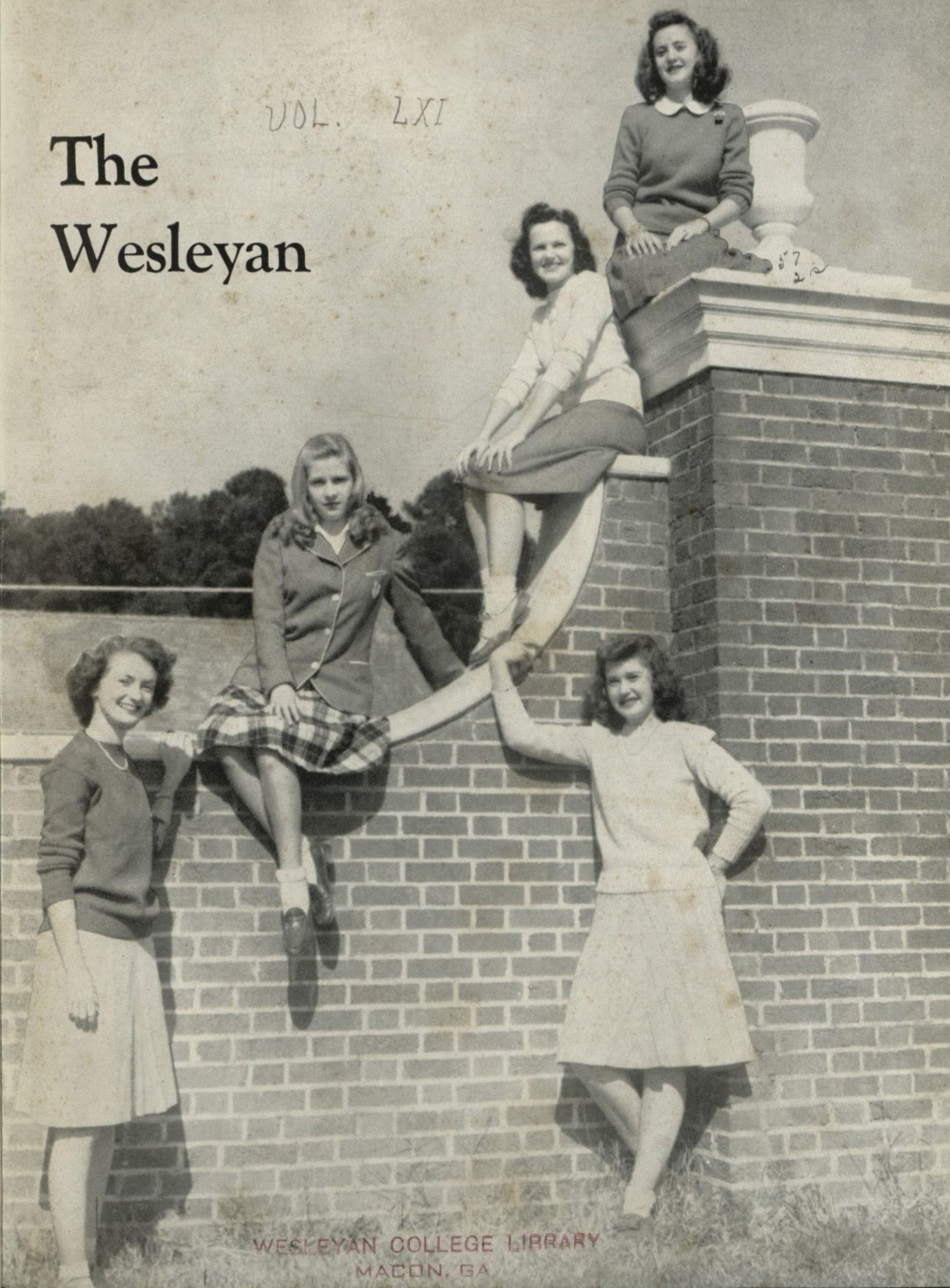


VOL. LXI

The Wesleyan



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Cover Girls . . .

Fair proof, for anyone's curiosity, of our beauteous baby class are the five lovely ladies perched on the entrance gate of their newly-acquired alma mater. Cover girls *Snookie Chichester*, *Juliet Lynch*, *Mary Ainsworth*, *Betty Turner*, and *Peggy Askew* hereby introduce the first issue of this year's *Wesleyan* . . .

★ ★ ★

. . . And Our Contributors . . .

Flossie Tucker, Junior transfer from Stratford Junior College where she has a well established literary reputation, launches forth here with the hilarious *And His Name Was Louie*. We, the editors, advise a second reading for full appreciation. . .

Another new name in Wesleyan literary circles is *Ethelyn Lindsey*. We heard tell that her scholarly *Meditations on a Clock* involved many hours of pains-taking research and grueling calculation. It's a fine piece of work, especially for a non-math-major . . .

FOR YOUR

INFORMATION

In the more serious vein, is *Nancy Harmon's* story of a broken heart. For excellent reading, don't miss *His Girl* . . .

And if you've ever wondered how anyone can think up and set down such an inspiring tale of love as *Frances Shumate's I Took My Chance*, turn to her satire on its composition and struggle with her in *Search of a Climax* . . .

★ ★ ★

Presenting . . .

Tracy Horton, your new poetry editor, who has been selected not only for her remarkable ability in tracking down all aspiring poetesses, but also for her own accomplishments in this and other lines. Now she gains another feather for her cap with a short war story entitled *Kismet*, which we are told is the ancient Mohammedan word for "fate" . . .

★ ★ ★

Attention . . .

To all students, new and old alike, *The Wesleyan* issues a cordial invitation to contribute your literary produce. Short stories, essays, poems, all you may be inspired to create, go into the formation of this your literary magazine. Let us publish your best and see what it's like to read your own brain-child in print . . .

Many new names are beginning to declare themselves in that important society of Wesleyan verse writers. One of these, *Mary Collins*, makes her college debut with *Metamorphosis*. And another, *Septima Porcher*, moralizes just a bit on the evils of hitch-hiking . . .

A little more familiar are such contributors as *Mary Smith*, *Effie Thornton*, *Frances Shumate*, *Peggy Worley*, and *Mary Belle Morris*, whose work is also represented in this issue . . .

HIS GIRL

Closing the door softly and firmly behind her, Lilla Adams rested her dark head against the panels for a moment, surveying her room as though she had never seen it before.

"Perfect setting for a broken heart," she thought bitterly. With one exception there was no hint of war in the smoothly modern, green and white apartment. The exception was a photograph of a handsome boy in uniform enshrined beside a bulky stack of letters tied with a gay red ribbon. The last was dated almost a month ago.

Lilla walked slowly to the table, picked up the letters, and carefully untied the ribbon. Hesitating no longer, she knelt on the floor beside the waste basket. Deliberately taking each letter from its envelope, without glancing at its contents, she tore it into precise rectangles.

"Built to last, so much in common, you know," she murmured softly. No war-time romance for Lilla and Charlie. He had been the big boy down the street since Lilla could remember. They'd always played the same games, known the same people, listened dreamily-eyed to the same tunes.

"The Evans are such nice people"—wealthy, respectable—Community Chest, bridge clubs, golf—all the "right" things. Charlie was their one son, educated in the best play-boy style—the only kid in town with custom-made suits and a private pool.

The white mound in the waste basket grew higher and higher till Lilla, her face set, rose and let the shreds of the last letter slip through her fingers.

Rummaging in her drawers and ripping up photograph albums, she next added handfuls of snapshots to the pile—Lilla and Charlie eating watermelon, Charlie in Paris, the two of them at the lake.

"Lilla and Charlie make such a cute couple"—grammar school, high school, college. Charlie always took the prettiest girl in town to the dances, and Lilla was darkly beautiful. Even after they were in college, while Charlie was making himself notorious as the scapegrace of an Eastern school, he expected Lilla to be his girl during the holidays. He never said he loved her, but habits are binding.

"You're my dream girl, Lilla"—Summer-time a year ago, a picnic for the whole gang, and somebody's cousin in a good-looking uniform whispering softly. "Sorry, buddy, my girl," Charlie had interrupted possessively. To Lilla, his brown eyes asked insistently, "Aren't you?" He was to leave for an induction center in two weeks.

"Wait for me, darling!"—A warm, moonlight night with all the trimmings—a boy, a girl, a diamond, and long, sweet kisses. "Good-bye, my love, don't cry."

A letter once a week and pictures of camp life—until three weeks ago.

Lilla pulled the diamond from her finger roughly, not stopping to admire its sparkle against her slim, brown hand. She sealed it in a small box, writing the familiar address with cold, stiff fingers. Her tense face was expressionless except for the sardonic twist of her full lips.

She looked at the picture Charlie had made for her—his eyes were warm and wicked, his mouth caught in his old careless smile. "I love you, Lilla, my own." He couldn't have forgotten so soon.

"He loves me, he loves me!" Lilla gazed at her blurry image in the mirror with tear-filled eyes. "He loves me." She tightened her lips defiantly, brushing the tears from her eyes as she picked up the picture. Resolutely controlled, she took it from the frame and tore

at it viciously—once, separating those traitorous eyes from the well-remembered lips; and again, straight downward, disfiguring it beyond recognition.

There remained only one other thing, the brief note that had arrived this morning. Lilla crushed it convulsively in her hand, not needing to glance at it again for every word was written indelibly in her heart. All that she had shut out of her consciousness in the past few hours struck at her suddenly. She flung herself on the bed, lying limp and silent like a creature mortally wounded.

The little ball of paper dropped softly on the green rug, unfolding a little.

"Dear Lilla:

I was married three weeks ago on November 6th to a girl who works in a restaurant near the camp. She is a sweet little thing, not a bad girl, and none of this was her fault. The baby will be born in April. I am being shipped out of here next week. I hope you will forgive me for any trouble I may have caused you.

Charlie."

—NANCY HARMON



ANSWER TO AN AIR CADET

*Yes, you have flown to magic heights of blue,
And felt the tingling, breathless quiet of God,
The boyish thrill of splitting clouds in two,
The man's delight in freedom from the sod.
You think I've stood below to watch you go
Up, up, and up into the endless space . . .
Did you forget, or don't you surely know . . .
You took my heart to help you win your race?
With yours my throbbing heart has felt the awe
Of rushing winds, and misty, powdered blue,
The loosened bonds from man-made creed and
law,
The thrill of knowing only God and you.
Our sky, our God, our heart-beat all in tune . . .
As we with His eternity commune.*

—M. S.

AND THE YEAR PASSES INTO MANY YESTERDAYS

*Last night
A new snow fell,
And today the world is
Soft,
White
Powder puffs.
The shadows of tall birch
Cut dark the snow,
The shadows are the dreams
That used to be.*

★ ★ ★

*Today
A warm breeze touched my cheek,
And a burst of white cloud
Filled
The soft,
Blue
Sky.
A murmuring brook
Breaks through the stillness
Of day.
But it murmurs of hopes
Long vanished into emptiness.*

★ ★ ★

*The darkness
Has relieved oppressive day.
And moon is the silvery reflector
Of noonday sun.
Through the heated hush
The monotonous
Cricket
Calls.
But his humming is recurrence
Of dead memories.
Grey dawn
Awakens bleak November day,
And the sun is swallowed
Into moldy sky.
From the near-naked elm
Fall the last
Withered leaves,
And the leaves are lost thoughts
Lying dead on cold ground.
And the year passes into many
yesterdays.*

—PEGGY WORLEY



When Mac asked me for a short-story or a sketch for *The Wesleyan* to be turned in by Tuesday I began to think. Naturally. I knew I had Saturday and Sunday to write the "thing," but first I had to get a climax!

Mrs. Griffin says that every play or story must have a climax!! That's unwritten law and who am I to argue with the law—especially an unwritten one? All right, I had to have a climax!

At this particular moment I was fresh out of climaxes. Oh, there were plots a-plenty—but no climax. Some say you can't have a plot without a climax. They just don't know!

Saturday night I began to get worried—no climax. As a last resort I looked over some old themes and stories of years ago—at least three years ago. In opening my odds-and-ends notebook my eager eye saw first an outline of sophomore lit I'd made to study by. My eagerness was considerably dimmed! And behind soph lit came Novel 313-14. Ah, memories!! And behind Novel 314 came the horrid parade of freshmen themes. These said themes ranged from an autobiography to book reviews to

In Search of a Climax

The Electoral College (how *that* got in there I don't know) to advice on finding a seat in a movie and a naive little epic entitled "Freshmen Don't Study!" As any fool can plainly see (so could I) there was no climax in that junk! I flipped the pages over and—there were my V. P. notes! They had Tennyson and Browning and Swinborne and Arnold—but no climax!

I was desperate! But all was not entirely lost for between Tennyson and Browning I found a story, complete with plot and climax. (Ah, me, so soon was I disillusioned!) I read the story. I'd written it in freshman English so you can imagine! Really, to be perfectly frank, I'd begun it in high school and finished it my freshman year. And was it finished!! The plot was about a girl and a boy (naturally). The girl was nursing along an unrequited love while the boy was a famous (of course) surgeon in New York (why do all heroes go to New York to become famous?) Well, after six pages of the girl crushing out her last spark of love for the boy, the boy comes back to harrow up her soul. It was pretty hectic harrowing, too. The big love scene happened in a car on a "wooded country road" B.G.R. (before gas rationing). The poor girl sat there struggling courageously against the impulse to tell the boy she loved him. After all, she'd suffered a lot and why should she stick her neck out again by taking him back? Then—comes the climax! The boy asks the girl to marry him! Well, something was definitely missing, for the girl sat and *thought* before she said "yes." That was the story! And it had a climax! But the climax wasn't climax-tic enough! In fact, it was an anti-climax because you knew from the third

(Continued on page 21)

I TOOK MY CHANCE

That morning as I walked briskly down the hospital corridor it struck me that there was something peculiar about the date.

"Let's see," my thoughts ran, "today's April the eighth. By the end of the week John ought to know if—." Then I remembered why the date was so unusual. It had been just a year ago, to the day, that I had given Steve back his ring.

All at once the fresh spring sunlight was dulled. What a fool I was to let one man ruin my life! With a sigh I pushed open the door of the laboratory.

"Hi, there, John Blakely," I greeted my boss. "How goes it?"

"Huh, what? Oh, yes. Hello, Helen. This fool serum isn't going to work." John frowned slightly. Chemistry was his first and only love; to fail in an experiment set John's morale back for days.

"Oh, er—Helen?"

I was busy setting up my equipment that I'd need for the next two or three hours to test blood slides.

"Yes," I answered.

"What would you do if you ever ran into Steve Ansley again?"

My heart froze and my voice refused to function for a second. If Steve—!

From somewhere I summoned the power to laugh gaily, or at least I thought so. "Oh, there's little chance of that," I answered. "The world's a big place. Steve'll never turn up in a small town like Hinesville." Of course not, I told myself, of course not! The idea was silly

Imagine Steve, a famous surgeon, coming all the way from New York just to—.

"Er— Helen," John hesitated.

"Well?" A chill raced up my spine.

"You'd better abandon that idea. It won't work."

"Why won't it work, John?" I hoped my voice didn't sound as faint as I felt.

"It may be just an illusion, but I saw Steve in Dr. Sanders' office about ten o'clock this morning."

And there it was. As plain as day. Steve was in Hinesville.

It was queer how time stood still at that moment. The hospital vanished and there I was, all alone, thinking what I'd do if—if Steve *should* walk into the lab. He'd come into the room, blocking the doorway for an instant and then as he stepped toward me—.

"You—saw Steve?" I twisted around on my stool to face John. "Oh, it can't be!"

"I'm afraid it is," he paused. "Helen, I'm—I'm terribly sorry this had to happen. Look, if you'd like the day off or—"

By that time some measure of control had come to me. I saw things in their true light. I knew what I had to do.

"Thanks, John," my voice was low. But I'll stay right here, and risk seeing him. Perhaps if I see him again it might be better. Maybe I'd quit wondering if—if—. I couldn't go on.

"You love him very much?" John's voice was closer now. He had crossed the room and stood behind me.

"No, no, I—I hate him," my body stiffened. "I don't hate him—"

Presently John went on in a lighter tone. "You know, this whole thing is my fault. I should have married you long ago and smuggled you off to a rose-covered cottage."

It was sweet of John to say that when I knew perfectly well he wasn't in the least in love with me.

"Have you any idea why he's down here?"

"Nope. He's in an Army uniform too."

"Army? But—"

"There's a war going on you know and the Army needs doctors, so—"

I said lightly, "You bet I know there's a war on. That extra work we have doesn't come from Santa Claus."

For the next half an hour we worked in silence. I was doing routine slides, but my mind wandered to Steve. Again and again I caught myself smiling over some joke he'd told me long ago.

I'd come from a small town in Georgia to take nurses' training at ——— Hospital in Atlanta. Steve and I had met there. Steve was a junior medical student and was doing wonderful work. Everybody liked him; so, when he started dating me, I was thrilled. Those dates were few and far between—once a week or maybe not that often. In between times we'd meet—in the halls, in chart rooms—just tiny bits of meetings. It grew—our love grew—like that, slowly and strongly, until, when Steve graduated, he asked me to marry him. As surely as the passing of time it had happened. We were engaged!

Experienced nurses and doctors and Steve's friends warned us it wouldn't last. You see, I still had over a year of training before I'd get my R.N. and Steve was ready to start his practice. We laughed the warnings off. We knew our love would last!

Then came a time when I couldn't laugh any longer. I couldn't laugh at dinner dates which he broke again and again when he had to go out

to some society affair. I couldn't laugh at the many phone calls I hadn't gotten. I couldn't laugh at those long nights I lay awake—unable to sleep, unable to cry. I just lay there in my narrow bed and stared out into the cold empty night. The day I left for home after receiving my nursing certificate I mailed Steve's ring back.

I came to Hinesville then and tried to cover my painfully sweet memories by slaving away at the hospital. By some chance I'd become interested in chemistry, so I took a technician's course at night. For the past two months I've been working under John Blakely. He's a swell person but—

News drifted back to me that Steve had been a big success in his Atlanta "society" practice and that he'd gone to New York for further training at Belmont.

A precise knock sounded at the door. It startled me and for some reason I thought it was Steve. I smiled gently at my silly idea. Merely to satisfy myself that it wasn't Steve I turned to face the door.

I was smiling when I saw him. John had opened the door and there stood Steve Ansley—tall and distinguished in the uniform of the Army medical corps.

"How do you do?" he greeted John.

His voice was as I had remembered it.

"I'm Dr. Steven Ansley," he continued, "Dr. Sanders said I might look around a bit."

John shook his hand. "Of course, Captain, glad to have you."

"Very nice lab. you've got here. Small but complete."

"I'd like you to meet my assistant. She's been a great help in—"

Sliding stiffly from my stool I walked toward the two men.

For an instant Steve stared, then recovered himself. "Why, why, Helen, how—"

"Hello, Steve. I'm flattered you remembered." My voice was crisp, even a bit gay.

"We've been working on Hayden's theory

of—," John tried to gain control of the conversation.

"I've searched everywhere for you, Helen. I might have known I'd find you in some out-of-the-way place."

I was safe now. My emotions were mastered. I could laugh and ignore that aching lump in my throat.

"Yes, small hospitals are best, I think. More human," I smiled.

For a time Steve made uneasy, stiff remarks to John.

Finally he glanced at his watch—I was surprised to find that it was the one I had given him for graduation. That shocked me—to find he was still wearing it after—.

"Won't you lunch with me, Helen? It's almost noon."

I flung a pleading glance at John to rescue me but he failed to respond.

Once outside the hospital my nerve left me. My shell of self-confidence had shattered and a small sense of uneasiness turned my heart into a chill aching stone. All the hope I had of remaining calm left me. I had the unearthly desire to cry. But—if I cried Steve would know that. I was determined he shouldn't have the satisfaction.

We drove to a tiny gypsy tea room just outside town. It was a shabby place, the walls streaked and dirty, had been covered with thin third-grade tapestries. Candlelight added to the gloom, a squeaky violin and piano drowned out the noise of dishwashing that went on behind the scenes.

All during the meal, which must be quite good, for Steve seemed to enjoy it, we talked of gay, impersonal nothings—old friends, old college professors, rationing, and finally the war.

Suddenly there was nothing more to say. With a quick, impatient move Steve pushed his dessert and coffee to one side, and lit a cigarette.

"Things have changed since we saw each

other last."

"Naturally, time never stands still, not even for us." I tried not to look at him—it did funny, uncontrollable things to my heart.

"Would," he paused, "it be pleasant if the joyous times we've had could stand still?"

"Ummm. The time you sent the orchid with your last—," I stopped abruptly.

"Yes." He bent his head lower.

Candlelight flickered over his shoulder—shadowing his face, leaving it in half image. Steve's face had changed, grown older. The lines across his forehead were deeper than I remembered.

"Time flows on," I tried to be gay. In my lap my hands were gripped about each other.

"A very nice world we had then. Two young fools. What a pity it couldn't have lasted."

I closed my eyes for fear he would see my tears.

"Tired? We can go if you like."

"Oh, no, let's not hurry." It was the romantic part of me that said that. I wanted to stay in that stuffy little tea room to be near Steve. It was sweet torture, but perhaps it was better than nothing.

We sat silent listening to the orchestra for a moment.

"What's the tune they're playing?" Steve asked.

I stirred my memory to think of the name. "Oh, that's Berlin's 'Remember'."

He nodded. "Of course. I remember—my first salary check, hamburgers at the Hand Out, my first date with you? Remember?" He hummed a snatch of the song.

My heart stopped. My eyes ached with unshed tears. Of course I remember!

Steve moved uneasily. "Look, let's get out of here."

I noticed by the clock over the cashier's booth that it was one-thirty. As we left the tea room I told Steve I had to be back at the hospital by two.

(Continued on page 22)

HAPPINESS

*Happiness is elusive
 You think you have it
 And then . . . it's gone.*

*Happiness is beautiful
 But like a bird of gay plumage
 It flies by your window
 And then . . . it's gone.*

*Happiness is wonderful
 It fills you with ecstasy;
 Your whole being is alive
 But then, just at its peak,
 You find that it's gone.*

—EFFIE THORNTON

★ ★ ★

METAMORPHOSIS

*Their eyes met
 Quite casually . . .
 An interest was born.*

*Their hands touched
 Quite electrically
 A spark was born . . .*

*Their souls embraced
 Quite beautifully . . .
 A friendship was born.*

—MARY COLLINS

MEDITATION ON A CLOCK

Wesleyannes, did you ever realize how lucky you were? Compare yourself with the clock. Suppose you had twelve figures instead of one. Can you blame the clock for throwing up its hands in despair when it is faced with such a problem? . . . And that brings to mind this little instrument's ancestor, the hour glass. She had only one figure to give to her country, and she did such a marvelous job that all American womanhood, especially Mae West, strove to equal her . . . Whereas all humans run with their feet, these poor things have only their hands. Yet the clocks and Wesleyan girls have one thing in common: they're both either fast or slow. And furthermore, they both run in cliques . . . Speaking of clicks, did you know that if a Wesleyanne clicked her heels as many times as the school clocks clicked their hands in one day, she could walk approximately nineteen miles! . . . Yesterday afternoon I counted every clock in the college, all seventy of them; and then I embarked upon the scientific research which enabled me to make the above profound mathematical statement. Seventy clocks times sixty minutes times twenty-four hours equal 100,800 clicks; 100,800 clicks divided by one mile or 5,280 feet equal nineteen miles. From Wesleyan it is approximately nineteen miles to Forsyth. So if a Wesleyan girl had the amount of energy the clocks use in one day, she could click over to Forsyth just any "ole" time. If she had the amount of energy the

clocks use in clicking one year away, she could go 6,925 miles. But think of all the ration tickets and good shoe leather that little expedition would take and how it would retard the war effort! . . . We could make all this even more impressive by taking into account all the privately-owned clocks and watches on the campus. . . . But who wants to go crazy at a time like this? . . . I have often wondered about the man who invented clocks. He must have been a beautiful psychological case. In the first place, he must have been affected with triakaidophobia or a superstition concerning the number thirteen because he never seemed to be able to get any further than twelve . . . Furthermore, he was undoubtedly suffering from circular insanity or some nervous tic. Of course this is based solely upon what the genius left behind as his final contribution to posterity—which was the clock . . . It has been rumored that he also invented the revolving door, the merry-go-round, and the roulette wheel . . . Clocks never seem to get anywhere, but always move in circles. This must be due to the fact that they always have their hands in front of their faces and can't see where they're going. . . Can you see where I'm going? Well, I'm running in circles, too. In fact, I'm quite dizzy and so will close with a final gem of wisdom, "A clock on time is hard to find."

—ETHELYN LINDSEY



WESLEYAN — 1943

*Wesleyan—1943, the dorms filled to capacity.
So many girls, so many faces
And each with a different name!
They all ask us to explain
The wheres and whys of Wiggins' Lake.*

*It does seem—or is it a dream
That the dining hall has shrunk in size
Or is it merely a miniature Grand Central
Station
Minus the trains? Perhaps we'd better ration
Wesleyan as they do a juicy steak!*

*The woes of parallel—the tolling bell
Strike terror to the Freshman's heart
While upperclassmen grin to hide their doubt.
THEY know what it's all about!!
The mysteries of the campus—complications
plus!*

*All those rules—and if you slip up once—!
But Wesleyan's a grand place and if you survive
You'll be awfully glad to be alive!!*

*Wesleyan—1943, the bus jammed to capacity.
So many girls, so many faces
And each with a different name.
They all help us to explain
Our cloaks of "Wesleyan Spirit."*

—FRANCES SHUMATE

FIRST DAY AT WESLEYAN

*Five o'clock
And what a fix
Miss Johnson said,
"Be back at six."
We missed the bus . . .
No room inside.
"Here comes a car,
How about a ride?"
A lady stopped
And said, "Get in."
Then we told her where
We'd been.
"Freshmen," she said,
"The first I've seen.
At the Conservatory
I'm the dean."
The moral will be
Good to keep.
Remember to look
Before you . . . hitch hike.*

—SEPTIMA PORCHER



AND HIS NAME WAS LOUIE

Now I know it was my greatest fo' paw the day when I tripped Louie. Why shouldn't it be because he's a lightweight when I quote him as 250 pounds. But I refuse to see the most charming creature (I guess we Campfire Girls do still call them that since we all are carrying torches) I ever hope to encounter trailed by a bunch of brawny butchers—so the other zero is left to the imagination. If the imagination doesn't want it, see whether or not it looks good on posterity. Any way all this is only drugging us away from our subject-matter in hand, which I'll admit isn't what Lucky Strike would buy but at least it isn't in Morse code and it hasn't gone to war!

Well, where was I? (Have you brought your road maps, readers?) Oh yes, Louie—Oh what a brute!! But he didn't have to knock me down to prove that he eats Wheaties!

Little did I realize the day I sallied forth to greet the bright morning smoke that I would find The One at last! (My roping is improving!) It was soooooo romantic the way we met—he was waiting for a bus and I was waiting to see if he was really waiting for the bus I was waiting for. Confusion reigned rampant and it reminded me of the good ole days when I saw stock in the Stock Yard. Ah, the pitter-patter of thousands of feet . . . what can give you a better feeling? Especially when they regard your feet as an impediment to their pitter-patter. All this an me without my brass

knuckles!!

I must get away from this remusing (this takes less trouble than renovating!)—we were still waiting for the bus—Louie was learning how to stand on his own two feet now that the crowd was thinning out and I was still mowing 'em down with my little gat. You know I had the strangest feeling then that crime does pay!

At last we were alone . . . just Louie and I with my five Frankie Sinatra records. "Now is the time," I chortled to myself, but I had a frog in my throat so I was sabotaged! What do you think (can you, and still understand this?) happened? Louie, as soon as his ears picked up the sound waves of my choked chortle, let out a scream and vanished around the corner. Since it was my off-day at Santa Anita I caught up with him and was in the lead by a nose. Then it was that I placed my number nines right in front of him and down he went. Could I help it if he was blinded by the flashlight I threw in his eyes?!

Techniques are military secrets, but Ma says that all men are just blind to love anyway. That's what I keep telling Louie but he won't give in. All he does is ask me why I don't go out and commit myself to Harry Carry and I told him that I absolutely refuse to go with strange men to whom I had never been introduced. Men are all brawn and no brains!!

—FLORENCE TUCKER



FAREWELL TO A SOLDIER

My Dearest One:

Tomorrow is my wedding day. Tomorrow is to be the most beautiful and memorable day of my life. That is the way I have always planned it. That is the way it must be.

Is it so strange then that I should want to spend these last hours alone? Is it so strange that I should spend them writing to you—to you around whom the better part of my twenty-two years has revolved? They were very understanding when I begged to come home early. I have a strenuous day ahead and should by all means be rested. Little do they know that they shall never see me again. For the woman of tomorrow will be a stranger to the girl of tonight.

I could never tell my feelings about this to anyone else. You are the only one who will understand. Jim is very sweet; and I love him dearly: but no matter how well Jim can understand his wife, he could never understand the girl she was as well as you. That, my sweet, is why this girl must perish. She is far too full of you to ever share her heart with another. Tomorrow a woman with a new heart will take possession of this body and become Jim Carter's wife. But tonight her heart is yours—yours alone.

It is difficult to recall the day that you didn't mean everything to me. It was very long ago

that we had that first date, the most important event of my young life. You were old and simply reeked with prestige, but you took me to a show and held my hand and squeezed it at just the right moments to make my heart pound frantically and my face glow secretly in the dark theater.

And you didn't forget me when you went off to college. Well, you didn't forget for long—or after I decided it was time to refresh your memory and launched a campaign accordingly. How I managed that is still painfully clear, but I was terribly and desperately in love; and no price was too great.

Yes, darling, we've had our ups and downs for six beautiful years, but all good things must end.

Do you remember that wonderful night when you gave me your pin in the deserted frat house sitting room? You were pretty hacked when all the good brothers seemed to appear from nowhere with the sweetheart song and congratulations, but I was in ecstasy. I thought that I would surely burst with happiness and love. There was nothing wrong with the world that night.

But that was very long ago, my love; and we were very young. We couldn't know that after two more years of college—studies, dances, hayrack rides, football games, house parties—a bomb dropped on Pearl Harbor

would shatter our carefree little world. You were indignant and foolish and fine. You volunteered. You couldn't wait to finish even those last few quarters. Your family stormed; your prof.'s plead; I cried and understood so well.

These memories are all so vivid even now. They are burned into my brain and cut into my heart as is everything about you. Like that last night of your furlough when you bid everyone a grave good-bye and set out for 'Friscoe. You were young and eager and determined to do your part, and I was more lonely than I had ever been. I had to compete with America for your love, and I felt terribly small and inadequate.

Letters were infrequent and short, but somehow you were closer to me than ever before. I kept desperately busy all day; but at night when I crawled exhausted into bed, you came into my mind; and I prayed myself to sleep. Everything I did was laden with memories of you. Every place I went was some place we had seen together. Every boy in uniform was you, and I waited for you to come home. At first time simply stood still; but gradually I became accustomed to the void; and miraculously a year had passed.

The hardest moments to endure were those when word came of boys we knew who were

reported missing in action. Immediately I would find myself imagining that it might have been you, terrorized with the thought. But the sensation would soon pass; and it never seemed very real, after all.

And there you still are, my darling. You still fill this girlish heart, but tonight for the last time. After many nights for many years, this must be our last. I can't help being sad. I wonder if you're sad, too. At any rate, I know you understand this one final whim just as you always have. I can almost see you standing beside my chair with your "G.I." haircut and that nice, indulgent grin saying, "Sure, Honey, if that's the way you want it. I understand."

Tomorrow I will marry Jim. You'd have liked Jim, dearest. He is fine and strong. But I'm forgetting; you must know all that. I feel as if you'll look down on us tomorrow and whisper in some other angel's ear, "She might have been my bride if I'd seen that little Nip first!" And then you'll smile sheepishly at such an unheavenly statement and go to engage some other guy in a friendly game of checkers.

Good-bye, darling. You must leave me now. I have loved you for a long, long time. But tomorrow is another day and another life.

I love you now, good-bye—

—VIRGINIA MCCLELLAN

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KISMET

It was after intermission when I met him. George broke and said something too fast to be understood. I looked up to see who was being introduced to me.

"Bill," he said and smiled.

"Ann," I said, and looked away from his eyes.

We danced, and no one bothered us. Out of the corner of my eye I could see George and the rest of the fellows watching. No one broke. I was grateful to George . . . I suddenly realized that I had always been grateful to George . . . that was all.

"Let's go home," Bill said. He held my hand and walked over to where George and the fellows were.

"I'll take her home, George," he said. George nodded and smiled the way he does when he has known something all along.

When we got outside in the cold air things were different. I didn't have that smothered feeling any more. The air was cold and stinging in our nostrils. For no reason, we both laughed suddenly, and started to run toward his car.

I don't know how far we drove that night. I only know we drove . . . gloriously fast . . . flying past farm houses and little towns . . . stopping for nothing. We had the windows open . . . let the cold air play havoc with our hair. I tried to see Bill. I could see only his eyes. When I saw them I looked away again. There was in his eyes something that was not for me . . . something I realized vaguely I could never reach nor understand. Once when I looked at the speedometer I could see the finger wavering between one hundred and one hundred and five miles an hour. Still Bill didn't

speak.

We turned around some time in the middle of the night and drove home. I told him the address and somehow he found it. We walked to the door and Bill took my key to open it. In the half light I could see his face a little. I concentrated on the scar on his cheek . . . tried not to see his eyes.

"Look, you," Bill said . . . I had to look at him, the pain in his eyes. His hands were on my shoulders . . . big hands . . . hurting me. "There's a war, over yonder . . . maybe it'll get over here."

I knew what he was saying, then I wanted to shout, "You're wrong, Bill, you're wrong. This isn't your war yet. You don't have to fight everybody's war." I wanted to shout that but I couldn't. I knew . . . I saw the scar on his cheek. Some guys just have to fight when things go wrong.

I looked at his scar . . . an ugly mark down the side of his cheek. He was talking again . . . I fought the numbness that was coming . . . I had to hear.

"I'm going," he said . . . "I won't be back" . . . It was useless to say he was wrong. There was something in his eyes that knew . . . something I would never reach nor understand.

"Look, Ann," Bill said . . . "Look at me just this once." I looked at him . . . he grinned just a little and kissed me.

"Tough," he said.

* * *

Today I got a letter from his buddy over there.

"Bill knew all along," it said, "but some guys just got to fight when things go wrong."

—TRACY HORTON.

ILLUSION

*The other night I had a dream,
 You know, to me it seemed
 That I was strolling down the street,
 Stopping a while each friend to greet,
 Smiling at each so cheerily . . .
 And suddenly it dawned on me
 That down inside I was content.
 The world was painted a rosy tint.
 The reason? You mean you cannot guess?
 It all was over . . . this tragic mess.*

★ ★ ★

*Automobiles came rolling by
 For joy, it almost made me cry.
 I wandered to a picture show . . .
 It was such a change to go
 And not be met with a picture there
 Of riveters, battles . . . the scene was bare
 Of shorts on drilling and rationing.*

*I suddenly wanted to shout and sing,
 Then I saw my mother and she cried out,
 "Why Mary Belle, what are you about?
 The homeward road you'd better take,
 Because tonight we're having steak."*

★ ★ ★

*So, I joined her and we started home,
 Tonight we would not be alone,
 For my brother would be waiting there,
 Tonight his place would not be bare.
 No signs cried out from every side,
 To "buy war bonds," that thought had died.
 And Ray was home and Bob and Bill,
 Far from their minds the thought to kill.
 They wandered about in civilian clothes,
 Just normal boys, the home town beaux.
 The Red Cross room was shut up tight . . .
 No blackout would occur tonight.*

*It all seemed so perfect to me,
 That I suddenly found it hard to see,
 For my eyes were filled with happy tears . . .
 Behind were all those gruesome years.*

* * *

*Then I awoke, my heart no longer free,
 For I know it's October, '43.*

—MARY BELLE MORRIS

IN SEARCH OF A CLIMAX

(Continued from page 8)

paragraph that the girl was going to say "yes."

Maybe I could make a climax of the climax that wasn't a climax. So, I brought in the war!! That didn't help! Then I had the car running smoothly along when suddenly it hit a bump!! How nice! The car hit the bump *just* at the right moment to throw the girl into the boy's arms. Wasn't that romantic? Wasn't that subtle? And didn't it stink!!?

Then—a thought came—even as it will to all of us! Why not write a story without a climax? At least, that would be original. I tried it. I used the same love sick girl, the same wonderful boy, and the same question, "Will you marry me?" I read it. I read it again. I re-read it. I'm still convinced that it's a poor story. It didn't have a climax!

Now, you may think that when the man in your life asks "Will you marry me?" that that will be the climax of your life. It may be. But—

try putting it down in black and white. It looks awfully simple—especially when it has to be a climax! Mrs. Griffin says you have to *do* something to have a climax. My girl didn't do a thing except say "yes"—what a tiny little word to be such a big climax!

So, here I am without a climax!

Life is so hard! People go around living and doing things. They come in and tell you about them. You sit spell-bound while listening to the wonderful tales. Then you sit down to write a story about your wonderful friends and wonderful adventures. You get the thing written. It's awful! It has no climax!! In great excitement you rush to your friends and ask them what the climax was! They don't even know what a climax is! Life is so hard. The least it can do is to provide climaxes for people.

If any kind soul has a climax, please let me know—or else I must spend the rest of my life in search of a climax.

—FRANCES SHUMATE

★ ★ ★

THE SEASON OF THE YEAR

Fall . . .

The single sound is sad.

The very sight is sad—

Of leaves lazily, softly,

Drifting slowly to the ground.

Once they were fresh, bright green.

Now they rest—faded, broken bits

Of brown—cloaked in death-like pall.

The wind . . .

Moaning, murmuring in the vastness of space—

Pulls against the trees

*Their tortured limbs—bare skeletons of spring
glory,*

Stark silhouettes—slowly bend.

The rain . . .

Monotonous, moanful—hangs upon the air—

Forever creeping, seeping, sinking

Into the earth, a sodden carpet,

Waiting for Spring to come again.

—FRANCES SHUMATE

I TOOK MY CHANCE

(Continued from page 11)

The car sped smoothly over the highway. Before we had gone very far Steve drove the car off on a side road and stopped.

"Would you mind if I asked about your private affairs, Helen?"

"If it's not too private," I tried to laugh.

His hands were firm on the steering wheel, bracing himself.

"I'd like to know why you broke our engagement?"

At first I thought I'd misunderstood him. I started to ask if he hadn't gotten my letter explaining the whole business. Then I realized the true question he was asking: Why had I fallen out of love with him.

"Did—didn't you guess, Steve?" I spoke gently.

"No. I'm too old to play at guessing games."

"Steve," I almost said "dear". He was so like a little boy waiting to have an arithmetic problem explained. "I wanted to marry a doctor—not a machine passing out medicine—sugar-coated, at that, to society matrons. You were too busy getting rich—."

"Yes, I know. What a silly jackass I was—"

I reached up to smooth a lock of hair the wind had displaced. Suddenly I was very tired, too tired to struggle against—.

"I—I didn't want money, Steve, I only wanted—."

"Do you believe in second chances, Helen?"

"Sometimes." My voice was husky with tears.

"Then—darling, will you marry me?"

For a moment I hesitated. I remembered my first heartbreak. I had lost him once. I might lose him again. Dare I take a second chance? I sat there—remembered—.

"Will you forgive me for—. Helen will you marry me?"

I didn't hesitate any longer. I was sure—I knew!!

"Oh, Steve! Yes, my dear—."

Before I could finish—he kissed me.

My husband has gone into active service now. Steve is "Somewhere in North Africa" saving the lives of our soldiers who will win the victory for us. I have a deep faith that Steve will come back. Then—we shall live the rest of our lives on that glorious second chance!

—FRANCES SHUMATE

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CHERRY AND SECOND STREETS

EDITORIAL

Voters of Georgia chose recently to change paragraph II of Article II of the Constitution of the State of Georgia to allow Georgia citizens 18 years old or upwards "to register and vote at any election by the people."

This change affected approximately 250 Wesleyan students, many of whom have not the faintest inkling of the privilege and duty afforded them.

Georgia citizens at Wesleyan entitled to vote probably divide themselves into three classes.

Class I is the uninterested class. They read in the paper that Georgia was in an uproar over the 18-year-old voting question, read that it passed, and promptly forgot it.

Class II is the thrilled-at-the-thought-of-voting class. The voting privilege makes them big girls, so of course they simply must vote to prove they are big girls. First, however, they must run ask somebody for whom they should cast their vote.

Class III is the intelligent class. Because of

a sincere interest in their duty as citizens, they will thoroughly investigate candidates and questions. They will make up their own minds and dare not neglect voting.

It is the duty of every one who calls herself an American or Georgia citizen to vote. However, an uninformed voter is worse than the negligent citizen who makes no effort to go to the polls.

Wesleyan students, read your papers daily; familiarize yourself thoroughly with questions vitally important in your state today, preview to questions arising at election time. Attend and take part in any forums which might be offered on the campus. By all means register the next time you go home for Christmas at the latest. This is necessary six months prior to an election.

With a little effort, all Georgia citizens at Wesleyan may belong to Class III. Let's become politically conscious.

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